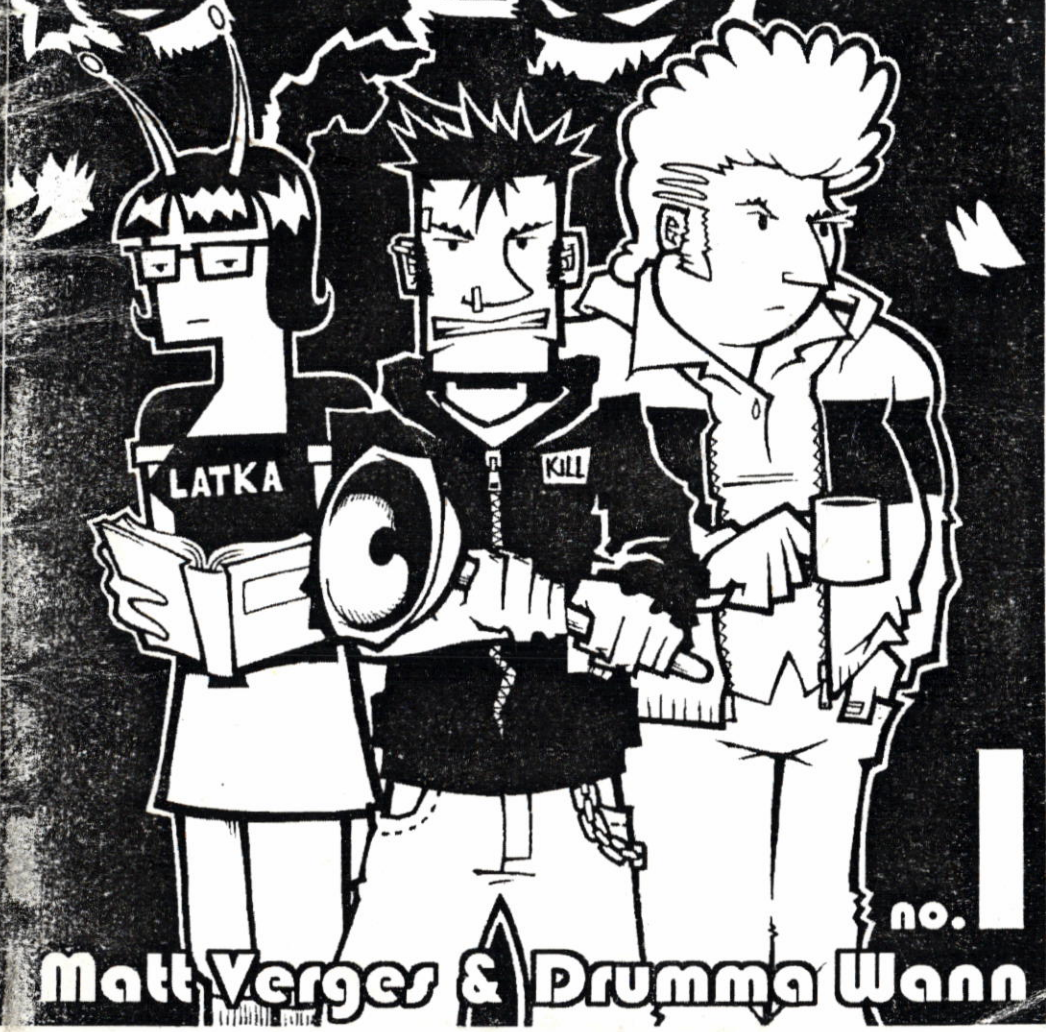
IT IS A TIME OF INTERGALACTIC TURMOIL. THE OMNICORP CORPORATION HAS TAKEN CONTROL OF MOST OF THE GALAXY WITH LITTLE RESISTANCE. BUT WHAT REALLY MATTERS TO GEF IS COFFEE, CIGARETTES, AND HOW TO AVOID BEING KICKED OUT OF HIS PARENT'S HOUSE. WHEN YOU LIVE AT THE FARTHEST POINT FROM THE CENTER OF THE GALAXY, POLITICS TAKE A BACK SEAT TO MONSTROUS ENGINE PARASITES, SLIMY SQUID, AND BURNT POTATO WEDGES.

$2.00

TABLE 9 FROM OUTER SPACE



no. 1

Matt Verges & Drumma Wann

TABLE 9
FROM OUTER SPACE

ART BY MATT VERGES

WRITTEN BY DRUMMA WANN

EDITED BY KATE DECLUE
Kalilu's / Joe Hill's

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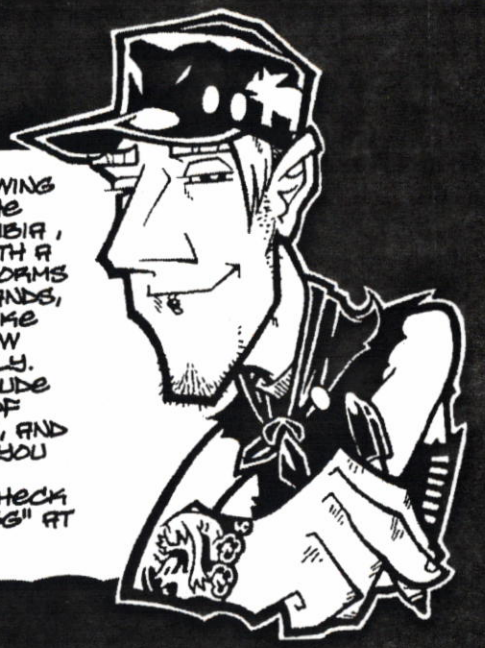


MATT VERGES HAS BEEN DRAWING COMICS ALL OF HIS LIFE. HE CURRENTLY RESIDES IN COLUMBIA, MISSOURI, WHERE HE LIVES WITH A COMMUNITY OF FRIENDS, PERFORMS VOCALS IN TWO HARDCORE BANDS, DOES TATTOOS, RIDES HIS BIKE EVERYWHERE, AND SOMEHOW MANAGES TIME TO DRAW DAILY. HIS CURRENT PROJECTS INCLUDE "DIRTY SOCKS", ISSUE #2 OF "TABLE 9 FROM OUTER SPACE", AND VARIOUS PERSONAL COMICS. YOU CAN CONTACT HIM AT SCUMBUGG@YAHOO.COM OR CHECK OUT SCREEN NAME "SCUMBUGG" AT WWW.DEVIANTART.COM

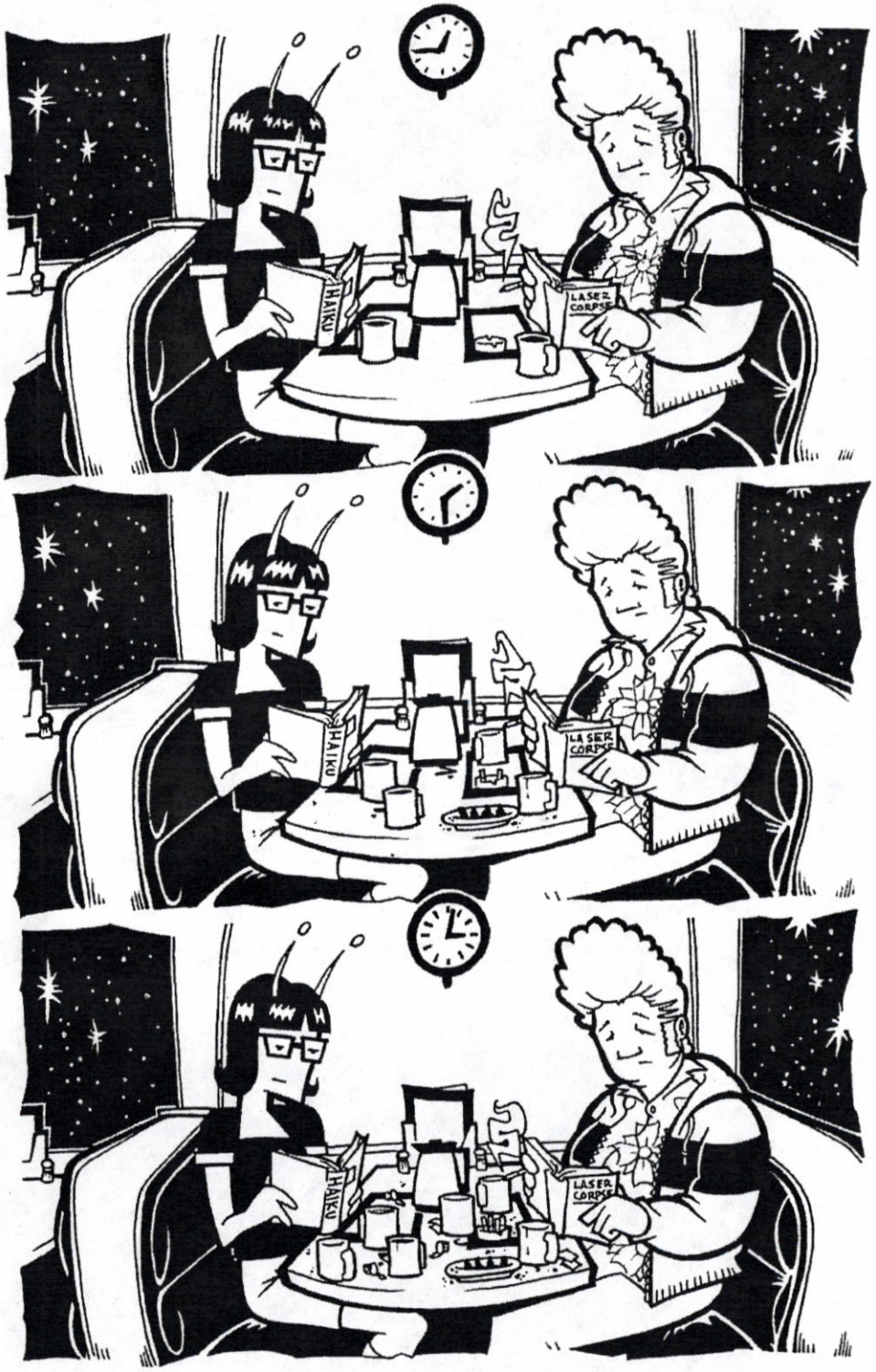
DRUMMA WANN IS A FULL TIME SLACKER AND A PART TIME MUSICIAN AND WRITER. HE DISTRACTS HIMSELF FROM LIFE'S WOES BY PLAYING BASS GUITAR IN THE PUNK ROCK QUARTET "SHIT", AND WRITING THE COMIC "TABLE 9 FROM OUTER SPACE". HE RESIDES IN THE BEAUTIFUL, DECAYING GIANT THAT IS ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

THE RINGS WERE SO LOVELY THIS YEAR! I CAN'T WAIT TO SHOW GEFFORD THE SLIDE SHOW.
I ♥ SATURN
IT WAS A GREAT TIME, BUT IT'S ALWAYS NICE TO BE BACK HOME.

GEF, WE'RE--
I ♥ SATURN

HOME...
CLIK

24 hrs!
Uncle Jo's DINER
FRIED SPACE CRITTERS
COFFEE


HAIKU
LASER CORPSE
HAIKU
LASER CORPSE
HAIKU
LASER CORPSE

DING-DING
WHAT'S UP, LOSERS?

I DIDN'T KNOW FRITTERS COULD TALK.
HEY, NOT ALL OF US CAN LIVE OFF OF STUDENT LOANS WHEN WE MOVE OUT OF OUR PARENT'S HOMES.

SO, HOW ARE MR. AND MRS. MARMALAMOMOE? HOW DID THEY TAKE COMING HOME TO A HOUSE FULL OF ENGINE PARASITES?
FUCK.

A FEW DAYS LATER...
SO... LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT.
YOU THINK THAT GEORGE LUCAS WAS ABDUCTED BY MASONIC TIME-TRAVELING CYBORGS IN AN ATTEMPT TO DISCREDIT MANKIND'S GREATEST POTENTIAL SCREEN-WRITER...
MHM.
WHICH MAKES HUMANS LOOK BAD, AND THE ROBOTS INFINITLY SMARTER...
MHM.
AND THAT ALL OF OUR CURRENT INTERGALACTIC POLITICIANS ARE NOT ONLY IN ON THIS CONSPIRACY, BUT ARE ROBOTS AS WELL.
MHM.
FTT-

YOU ARE SUCH A NAYSAYER. I MEAN, ONLY A BUNCH OF MEGALOMANIACAL CYBORGS COULD THINK OF SUCH A MONEY MAKER LIKE JAR JAR BINKS OR SOMETHING AS DEMYSTIFYING AS MIDI-CHLORIANS BEING BEHIND THE JEDI'S POWER.

WOW. GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. THOSE CYBORGS ARE SNEAKY.

DING-DING
YOU'RE LATE.
TAIKO

LATE?
LATE FOR WHAT?!
HOW CAN I BE LATE WHEN THERE'S NOTHING EVEN HAPPENING TO BE LATE TO?!
KILL

I'M GETTING REALLY SICK OF IT.
ALL WE EVER DO IS SIT AT FUCKING UNCLE JO'S!
LASER CORPS

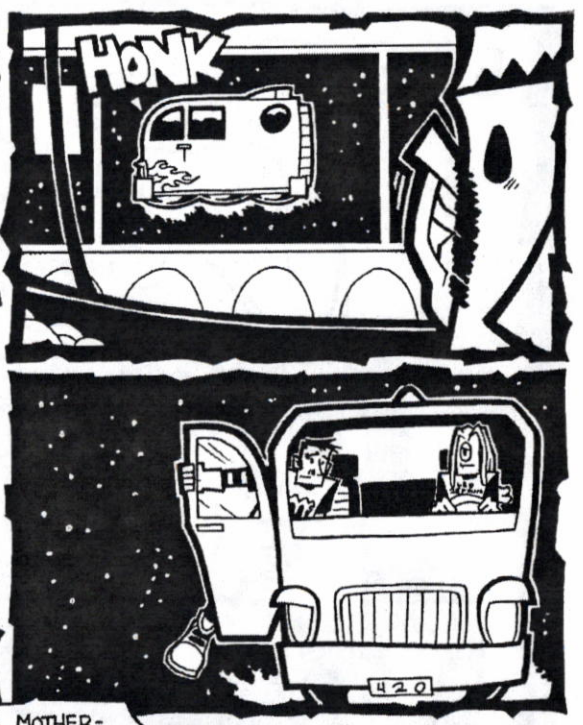
SO, WHAT DID I MISS?

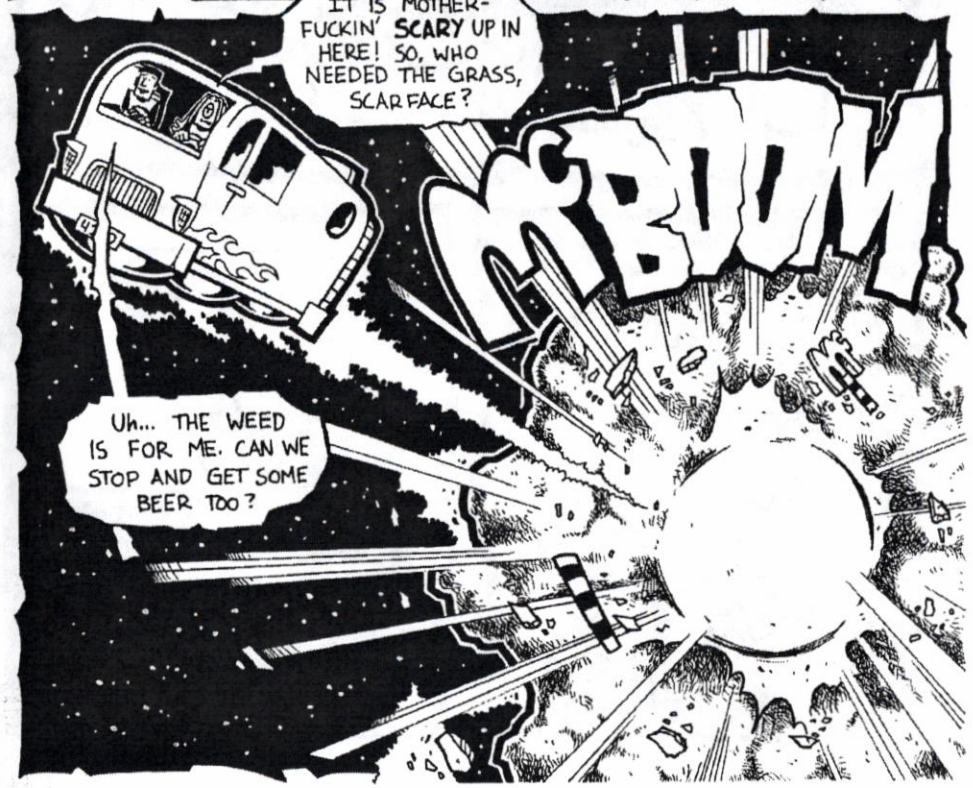
WELL, THEY BURNT MY POTATO WEDGES AGAIN.

SO, WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME IS -- "PRETTY MUCH NOTHING, GEF."
YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION.
LATKA
HAIKU

WHY ARE YOU LATE?

NO SHO
I HOPE WHOEVER CLEANS OUT THE BALL PIT NEXT DOES A GOOD JOB...


HONK
420


IT IS MOTHER-FUCKIN' SCARY UP IN HERE! SO, WHO NEEDED THE GRASS, SCARFACE?
BOOM
Uh... THE WEED IS FOR ME. CAN WE STOP AND GET SOME BEER TOO?

PSHOO
PSHOO
PSHOO
FAT VAT
Um... THAT'S NO GOOD.
WE GOT WHAT WE NEEDED! GET OUT OF HERE, NOW!!!

ALRIGHT, SO I'M IN MY GARAGE, RIGHT, WORKING ON MY TRANSPORT MODULE...
BANG!
CLANK
WRENCH
X-JAWS
HANG IN THERE
"Gas Can"
666
TOOL

AH-HA! SO THAT'S WHATS BEEN CLOGGING MY FLEX COPASSADER!

♡MOMMA!♡

WELL, AIN'T YOU CUTE. WHERE'S YOUR MOMMY, LITTLE FELLA?

GRRIZZOOWLL!!

DONE DEAL.
BEEP.
KA BOOM!
DEATH TO ALL IMPERIALISTS!!!

I THREW MYSELF OUT OF THE CREATURE'S REACH, KNOCKING MY DAD'S TOOLS TO THE FLOOR.
KHILL
THINKING ALL HOPE WAS LOST, I GRABBED THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON I COULD FIND.

WAIT A SECOND... YOU PASSED UP YOUR DAD'S PHOTON SAW—
KHILL
BUZZZZZZ
SONIC NAILGUN—
POP!
AND A HAMMER—
SMASH!

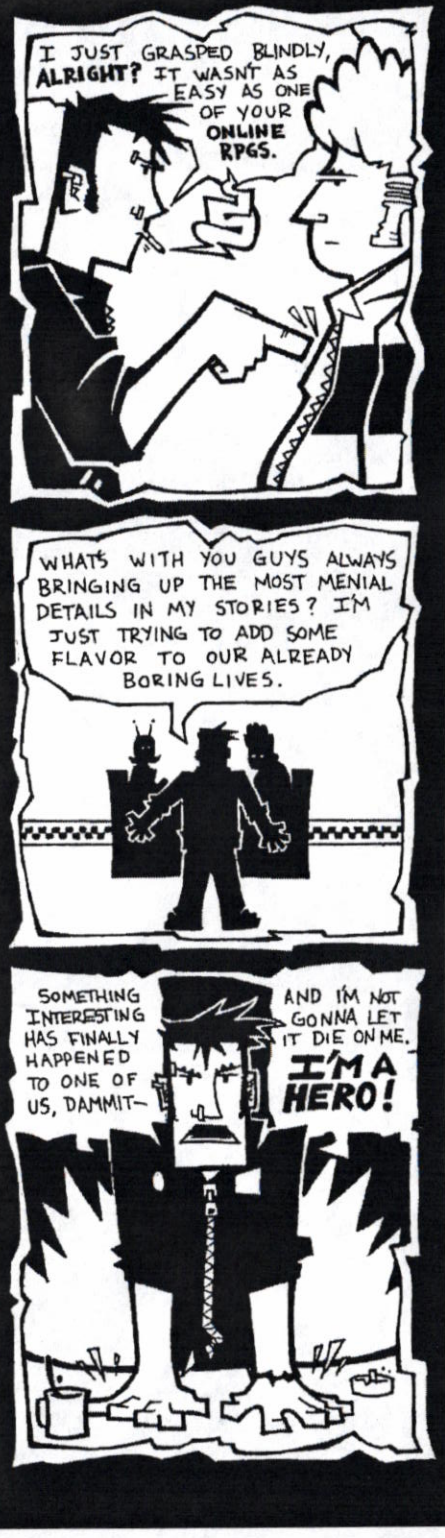
ATOMIC CHRIST, YOU STINK! WHAT DID YOU DO, FALL IN THE JOHN OR SOMETHING?
HEY, MAYBE HE SAW US COMING AND THOUGHT HE WOULD SAVE US SOME TIME BY GIVING HIMSELF A SWIRLY.
YEAH, SO WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO DO IT FOR HIM.

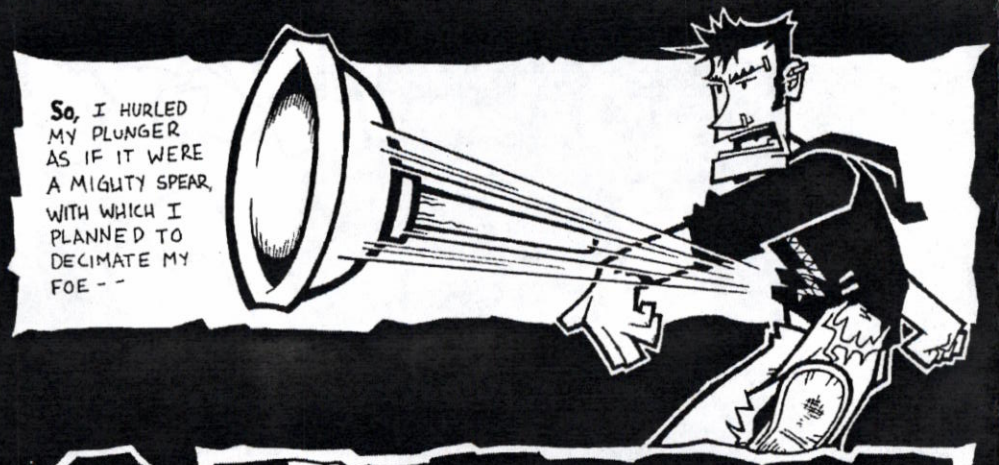
YEAH, STONER! THE ONLY THING YOU WERE EVER GOOD FOR IN SCHOOL, BESIDES BEING THROWN IN THE DUMPSTER, WAS SCORING US WEED. WE MAKE A LOT OF MONEY KILLING THINGS... I MEAN, DEFENDING FREEDOM, AND WE WANNA SPEND IT ON DRUGS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
FUCK THAT. WHY SHOULD I HELP YOU MURDERERS GET HIGH?

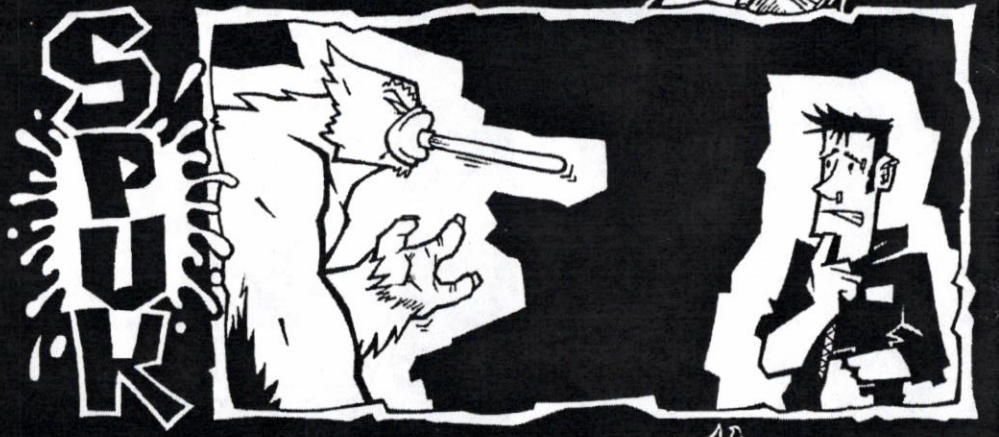
CAUSE WE JUST GOT BACK FROM "PEACE TALK" TRAINING--
YEAH, AND WE'RE EAGER TO TRY OUR NEW "NEGOTIATION TACTICS!"
RINNNGGG
WHAT'S GOOD.
YEAH, YEAH. RIGHT ON.
TWO DUBS AND A ZIP. GOT IT. NO, IT'S COOL. I WAS IN THE HOOD ANYWAYS. BE THERE IN A FEW.
LED ZEPPELIN

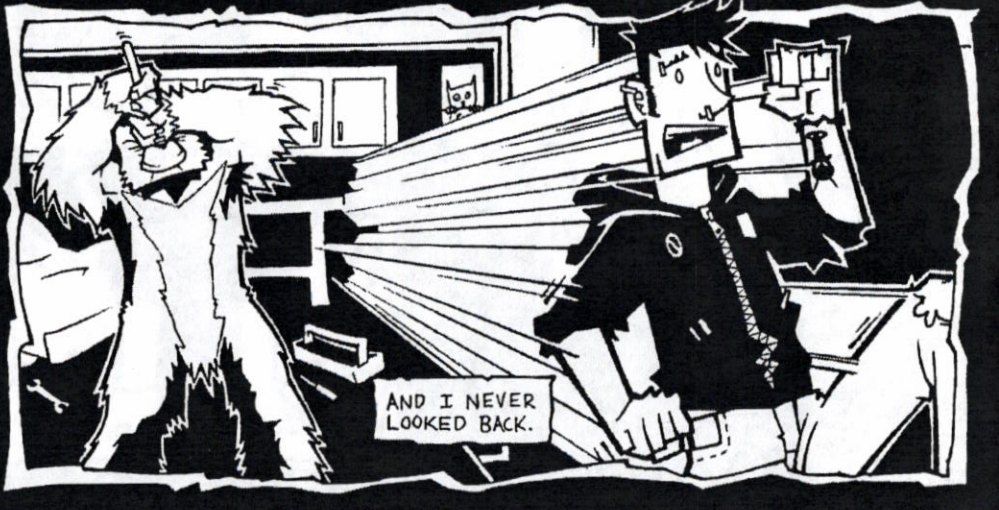
THIS McSPACEY'S LOCATION HAS BEEN QUARTERED BY THE OMNICORP INTERDIMENSIONAL STARFLEET UNDER SECTION 87 OF THE CORPORATE AUTHORITY ACT. ANYONE WHO DOES NOT COMPLY WILL BE SHOT SEVERAL TIMES.
WUMP
SPLOOSH
LORD ABYSS IS THE GREATEST FOR TAKING US OUT TO LUNCH.
YOU SAID IT BUDDY. BEATING THE HELL OUT OF AN INDIGENOUS TRIBE CAN WORK UP AN APPETITE.
wash hands at your own risk.
WELL, IF IT ISN'T HAILEY HIGH'S BIGGEST LOSER...

FOR A PLUNGER.


I JUST GRASPED BLINDLY, ALRIGHT? IT WASN'T AS EASY AS ONE OF YOUR ONLINE RPGS.
WHAT'S WITH YOU GUYS ALWAYS BRINGING UP THE MOST MENIAL DETAILS IN MY STORIES? I'M JUST TRYING TO ADD SOME FLAVOR TO OUR ALREADY BORING LIVES.
SOMETHING INTERESTING HAS FINALLY HAPPENED TO ONE OF US, DAMMIT—
AND I'M NOT GONNA LET IT DIE ON ME.
I'M A HERO!


So, I HURLED MY PLUNGER AS IF IT WERE A MIGHTY SPEAR, WITH WHICH I PLANNED TO DECIMATE MY FOE--

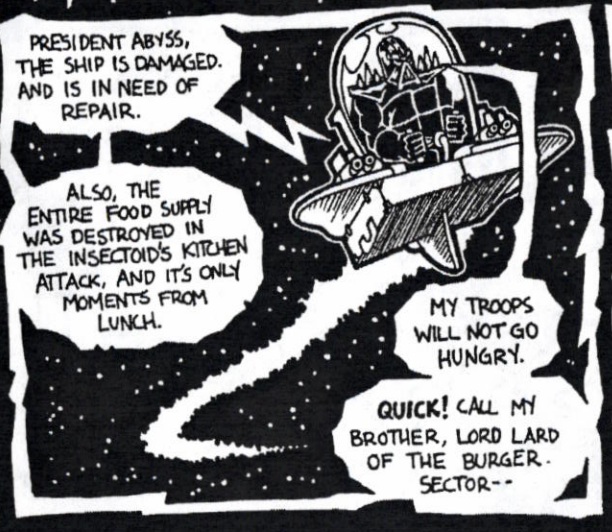

SPUK


AND I NEVER LOOKED BACK.

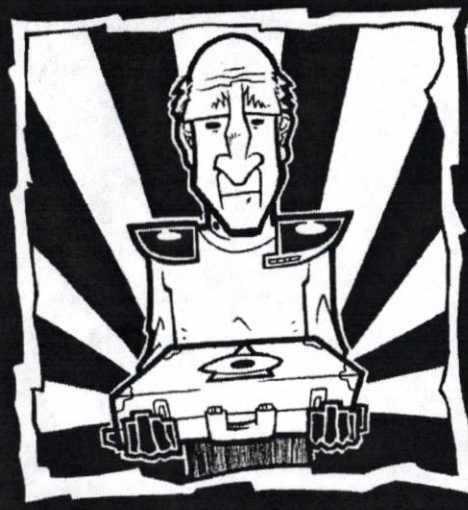
INSECTOID COMMAND, THIS IS RESISTANCE ONE. MISSION ACC-- SHIT.

WARP!
WHILE YOU STILL CA--
PESHOO
PESHOO

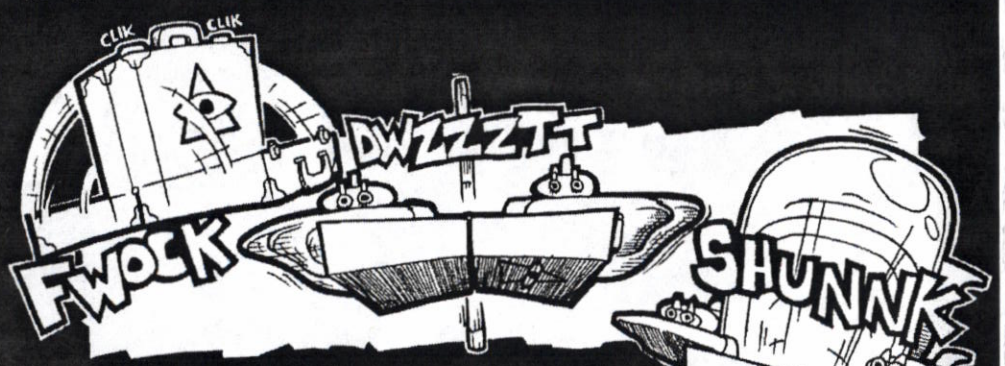
THOOM
ZZZZWTT-

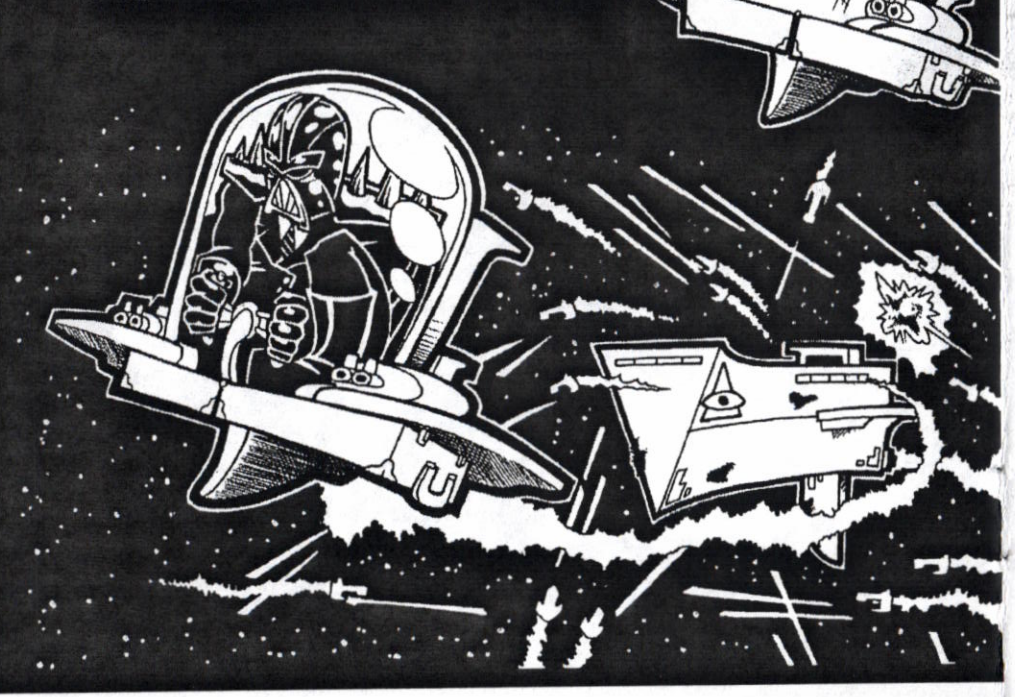

PRESIDENT ABYSS, THE SHIP IS DAMAGED. AND IS IN NEED OF REPAIR.
ALSO, THE ENTIRE FOOD SUPPLY WAS DESTROYED IN THE INSECTOID'S KITCHEN ATTACK, AND IT'S ONLY MOMENTS FROM LUNCH.
MY TROOPS WILL NOT GO HUNGRY.
QUICK! CALL MY BROTHER, LORD LARD OF THE BURGER SECTOR--

I NEED A HAPPY MEAL, AND A LITTLE TOY...



CLIK
NO PEEKING.


CLIK
CLIK
DWZZZTT
FWOCK
SHUNNK



SO. I ABANDONED THE CAR BACK AT MY PLACE WHERE--
YOU MEAN YOUR PARENTS PLACE?
REENA, I'M TRYING TO TELL A FUCKING STORY HERE. AND JUST BECAUSE MY PARENTS ARE AWAY ON VACCATION DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T PRETEND ITS MY PLACE... UM-
I'M A HERO!
LATKA
HAIKU
STOP SAYING THAT.
PHIL FOUGHT OFF TWO ENGINE PARASITES EQUAL IN SIZE TO THE ONE YOU DESCRIBED LAST WEEK, AND I FOUGHT OFF FOUR THE WEEK BEFORE. FIGHTING MODULAR PESTS IS A SIMPLE MAINTENANCE TASK FOR ALL TRANSPORT OWNERS, AND YOU DON'T SEE ANYONE ELSE MAKING UP EPIC STORIES OR HAVING DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR.
WELL THEN FUCK IT. NEVERMIND. I'LL JUST LEAVE YOU GUYS HERE TO CONTINUE LIVING OUT YOUR POINTLESS, BORING LIVES.

DID HE PAY?
LOSERS!
SLAM

LASER CORPSE

UHH-- YOU THINK I CAN GET A RIDE?

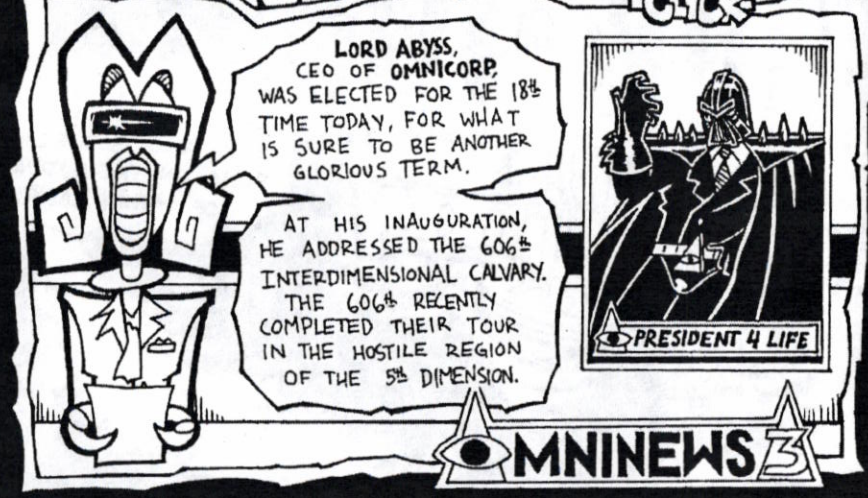
I'VE BEEN OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL FOR ALMOST A YEAR NOW AND MY PARENTS ARE STARTING TO GET ON MY CASE. THEY WANT ME TO START GOING TO SPACE ACADEMY SOON. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?!
THEY SAY I HAVEN'T LIFTED A FINGER SINCE GRADUATION, AND IF I'M NOT GOING TO THE ACADEMY, THEN I NEED TO START PAYING RENT.
BUT HERE'S THE KICKER-- THEY SAY THAT THEY CAN'T WAIT FOR MY ACIDIC FACIAL DISFIGUREMENT LAWSUIT TO PLAY OUT. THEY SAY THAT IF I DON'T HAVE A JOB BY THE END OF THIS ORBIT— I'M OUT.
OH YEAH, AND THANKS FOR THE RIDE, PHIL.
WANNA SMOKE?
ROLL ROLL
TA-DA!!
VROOM!

ISN'T "DARK SIDE" JUST YOUR WAY OF SAYING INSIDER TRADING?
SILENCE! FEEL THE WRATH OF LORD ABYSS!
Uhh... SHOULD I BE DOING SOMETHING NOW, SIRE?
WIBBLE WIBBLE
YES. FALL AND WRITHE AROUND LIKE YOU ARE IN PAIN. BECAUSE YOU ARE IN PAIN.
OF COURSE... AHH. I AM IN SUCH PAIN.
ENOUGH. GET UP AND PREPARE MY SHIP.

I HATE TO INTERRUPT YOUR PLOTTING LORD ABYSS, BUT THE INSECTOIDS HAVE AMBUSHED THE PRESIDENTIAL CRUISER--
IT'S NOT AN AMBUSH BECAUSE I WAS NOT SURPRISED BY THE ATTACK, OFFICER.
THE DARK SIDE GRANTED ME THIS INFORMATION WEEKS AGO.
Uh... YES, WHATEVER, MY LORD.
OMNICORP
I SENSE YOU DOUBT THE DARK SIDE'S INFINITE POWER.

DUDE! CAN'T YOU WAIT JUST A FEW MINUTES? WE'RE GONNA BE AT RICKET'S HOUSE SOON AND YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT. YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF I GET CAUGHT IN THIS CAR?
UM... SORRY.
HEY, THEY'RE HIRING AT MS SPACEY'S! MAYBE I CAN GET A JOB THERE?
NOW HIRING
SOY FRITTIER 99¢
DRIVE THRU
BURGER
NAW, YOU DON'T WANNA GET A JOB THERE. FAST FOOD IS THE LOWEST RUNG ON THE LADDER OF MENIAL LABOR.

TONITE ON BLOODBATH
BE THERE!
SIX HEADS, INFINITE CARNAGE
Laser Corpse
NEW ALBUM:
ITS URANUS
FEATURING: ROCKET UP YER ASS
CLICK
McSPACEY'S
SOY FRITTER DANCE PARTY PLATTER—
NEW!
NEW!
SIZZLE
SIZZLE
SIZZLE
-WARNING-
EATING FRITTERS MAY INDUCE EPILEPTIC SIEZURES
CLICK


LORD ABYSS, CEO OF OMNICORP, WAS ELECTED FOR THE 18th TIME TODAY, FOR WHAT IS SURE TO BE ANOTHER GLORIOUS TERM.
AT HIS INAUGURATION, HE ADDRESSED THE 606th INTERDIMENSIONAL CALVARY. THE 606th RECENTLY COMPLETED THEIR TOUR IN THE HOSTILE REGION OF THE 5th DIMENSION.
PRESIDENT 4 LIFE
OMNINEWS 3

SCHOOM!
CLICK
SSSKREEE
YYYYOOOOWWW!!!
BOOM
HLEK

NEARBY, A PLOT ENSUES...
ERRRRROOOOOOOOOOWWWWNNNNN
PEESHOO
PEESHOO
PEESHOO
PEESHOO
PEESHOO
PEESHOO
PEESHOO
PEESHOO
PEESHOO
PEESHOO
PEESHOO

LORD ABYSS CONGRATULATED THESE SOLDIERS ON LIBERATING MORE HOSTILE DENIZENS THAN ANY PREVIOUS PEACE KEEPING OPERATION:
PIZZAK!
IN THIS TIME OF COSMIC TURMOIL, WE AS CITIZENS MUST PUT ASIDE THINGS OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE. SUCH AS PERSONAL FREEDOMS, AND THE RIGHT TO PRIVACY. IN DOING SO, WE MAY PREVAIL AGAINST THE EVER-SCHEMING, EVIL ARMIES OF THE FOREIGN DIMENSIONS, WHO WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO DESTROY OUR WAY OF LIFE.
HOOPAK
HOOPAK
LED ZEPPELIN
BULLSHIT MEDIA.
CLICK
WHAT'S UP RICKETS?

HAHAHA! SPOT ALWAYS DID LOVE YOUR ASS, GEF.
LED ZEPPELIN
HA HA HA
GIFFV TVISS OUGHT NEE!
HERE BOY! COME ON NOW.
LE ZEP
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

WHY AREN'T YOU CLEANING THE BALL PIT?
um...
I JUST WANTED TO SAY... I, um-- YOU'RE DOING A GREAT JOB AND I -um- WISH TO COMPLETE ANOTHER TASK.
SIR.
Oh! WELL, GEE... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. I MEAN, THANKS. NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN NICE TO ME BEFORE.
I GUESS THAT'S WHY I'M SUCH AN ASSHOLE ALL OF THE TIME, ALWAYS KILLING AND WHATNOT.
BUT IT'S NOT EASY BEING A HALF-PIG, HALF-LOBSTER MONSTROSITY AND HAVING TO WORK WITH OTHERS. WHY, EVEN WHEN I WAS BUT A WEE LARVA--
I'LL JUST MOP THEN. THANKS.

HEY!!! YOU FUH--
NO WAY, PAL.
WE'RE ALL IN BIG TROUBLE IF I DON'T GET TO TALK TO THE BIG MAN SOON. JUST GOTTA WAIT TILL HE'S OFF THE PHONE...
BLAH BLAH BLAH
"If you can read this, you aren't working hard enough."

SIR?
I GOTTA TALK TO YOU RIGHT AWAY.

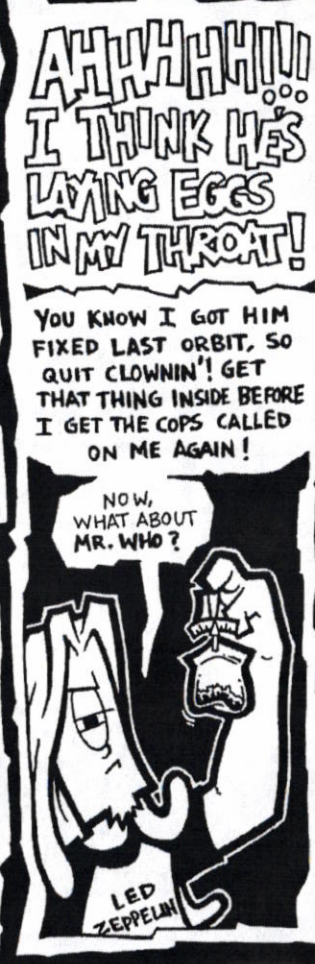
WHAT?!
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY!
I KNOW, BUT THE FUSION GENERATED FAT VAT IS OVERHEATING, AND IT NEEDS TO BE TAKEN OFFLINE IMMEDIATELY. IF IT GETS ANY HOTTER, WE COULD JEOPARDIZE THE LIVES OF EVERYONE IN THIS RESTAURANT!

I DON'T CARE! DO NOT STOP SELLING FRITTERS EVEN IF IT MEANS DEATH!!!
CAUTION
eep...
LARD WASTE ONLY

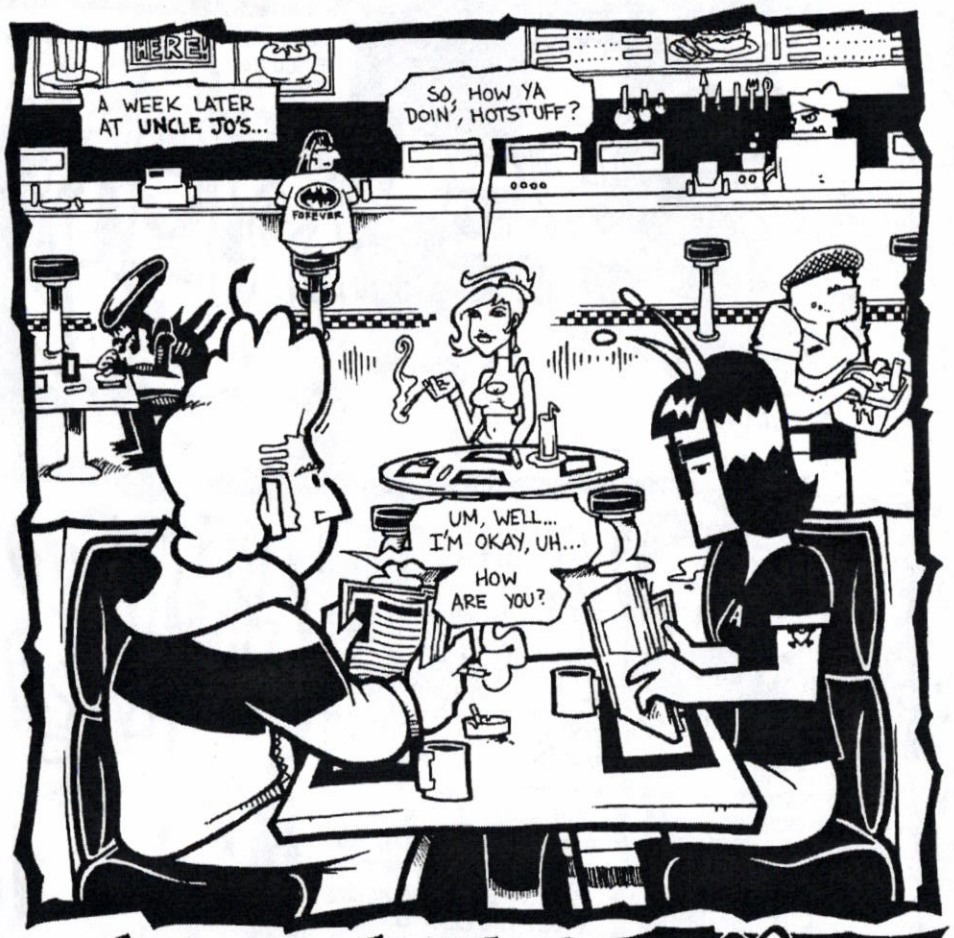
SO, UM-- GOT ANY WEED?
YEAH, SURE THING. HOW 'BOUT YOU, PUDDLE BOY?
Groan
YEAH... UH, YOU THINK I CAN GET A LOAN THIS TIME, RICKETS?

YOU NO-GOOD MOOCHIN' MOTHAFUCKER. IF YOU GO AND CATCH SPOT, YOU CAN HAVE A DUB SACK FOR THE ROAD.
LED ZEPPELIN

HERE BOY, NICE SQUIDDY?
AUGHH-
BUT THIS IS THE LAST TIME PLAYA. I CAN'T KEEP SLINGIN' OUTTA MY CRIB IF SUCKAS LIKE YOU KEEP TAKING ADVANTAGE OF BOTH MY CHARITABLE HEARTS.
AHH! LET ME GO!!!
TWO HEARTS? LIKE DR. WHO?


AHHHHH!!! I THINK HE'S LAYING EGGS IN MY THROAT!
YOU KNOW I GOT HIM FIXED LAST ORBIT, SO QUIT CLOWNIN'! GET THAT THING INSIDE BEFORE I GET THE COPS CALLED ON ME AGAIN!
NOW, WHAT ABOUT MR. WHO?
LED ZEPPELIN

WHY ME? WHY?!
UM-- NOTHING.


A WEEK LATER AT UNCLE JO'S...
SO, HOW YA DOIN', HOTSTUFF?
UM, WELL... I'M OKAY, UH...
HOW ARE YOU?

HUH? YOU'RE GONNA HAFTA TOTALLY TALK LOUDER THAN THAT, HUN.
WHERE ARE YOU?

UM... I'M RIGHT HERE. AT JO'S.
UM--
WHERE ARE YOU?

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA, HOLY SHIT. LOOK AT YOURSELF. FUCKING HILARIOUS. I ALMOST PISSED MYSELF! HA HA HA, I MEAN, I'M SORRY FOR LAUGHING BUT--
WOW, FOR SOMEONE WHO DESCENDS FROM A RACE OF BEINGS WHO SHOW LITTLE EMOTION, I AM HIGHLY, HIGHLY AMUSED BY YOUR NEW LOW.

GEF!
STOP TALKING TO THOSE DELINQUENTS AND GET INSIDE! I NEED YOU TO WASH THE URINE OFF THE BALLS IN THE KIDDY PLAYGROUND AGAIN!

THOSE ASSHOLES. IM GONNA QUIT THIS CRAP-ASS JOB-- RIGHT NOW!
THAT BASTARD LOBSTER SWINE WILL SHIT HIMSELF WHEN I INFORM HIM THAT I'M WAY TOO GOOD FOR THIS JOB.
NOBODY EMBARRASSES GEFFORD MARMALAMOMOE LIKE THIS...

GEFFORD!
PUT THE SUIT ON! AND TRY NOT TO LOOK SO STONED!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE ALL OUT OF COSMIC CURLS?!?
Bzzzt-- Ffkrt-- Yoon--
I DROVE ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE ASTROID TO GET HERE!
DRIVE THRU
PHIL--FORGET THE POTATOES FOR A SECOND AND LOOK!
DRIVE THRU
SOYFRIEND DANCE PARTY 99¢
YOU GOTTA BE FUCKING KIDDING ME!

HOLY ATOMIC JESUS. ONE OF THOSE CREEPS AT JO'S TOTALLY TRIED TALKING TO ME OR SOMETHING. HA HA! YEAH, THAT'S THE ONE. HE'S GROSS...
I'LL NEVER GET USED TO THAT.
AS IF CELL PHONES WERE'NT BAD ENOUGH, NOW YOU HAVE PEOPLE PAYING TO GET HIGH INTENSITY RADIO WAVES SHOT DIRECTLY INTO THEIR UPPER LOBE TO AN IMPLANTED MINI-PHONE.
HA! YEAH, I HEARD THAT--
DAMMIT!
THIS IS THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK! THE THIRD TIME, DAMMIT! THIS ISN'T OVER!
GEEZ, WILL YOU QUIET DOWN? I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'D LIKE TO EAT HERE WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT THE CHEF SPITTING IN MY SALAD.
YOU'RE ACTING LIKE GEF.
WHATEVER.
WHERE HAS GEF BEEN ANYWAY?
I'M GOING TO MCSPACEY'S FOR SOME COSMIC CURLS. STILL WANNA LIFT HOME?

75 EKG
25 EKG
150 EKG
McSnacks
SIGH
CHEAP, SLAVE-MADE, PLASTIC TOY.

I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW THAT IF THERE WEREN'T LAWS ON **SLAVE LABOR** IN THIS SECTOR, YOUR ASS WOULD BE BOOTED TO THE CURB. INSTEAD, YOU'RE BEING PAID TO **NOT SWEEP MY GODDAMN LOBBY!**
AND THAT GOES FOR EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU **PUNKS** WORKING IN THIS FINE EATING ESTABLISHMENT!
IF I CATCH ANY OF YOU SLACKERS SLACKING, I WILL BE FORCED TO PERSONALLY DISCIPLINE YOU TO THE FULLEST EXTENT ALLOWED BY THE **NEAR-MINIMUM WAGE EMPLOYEES ACT.**
McWORK
EMPLOYEE MISCONDUCT
A Supervisor may only Discipline through Physical violence if they have first given one complete warning. punishments may include but not limited to:
• PUBLIC FLOGGING
• KEELHAULING
• DRAWING & QUARTERING BY DUBACKS
The preceeding applies ONLY in non right to work sectors.